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The Merry littl
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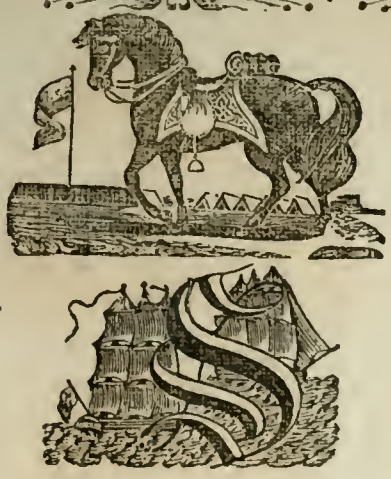

THE MERRY LITTLE SOLDIER.

I'm a merry little Soldier,
Fearing neither wound nor scar,
When in battle, no one bolder
Valour is my leading star.

To arms, to arms we'll fly,
When honor calls, no foe appals,
We'll conquer or we'll nobly die.
Then march away, march away,
Trumpets sound and symbols play,
March away! march away!
To the merry fife and drum.

Hark! the martial trumpets sounding,
Notes that echo loud alarms;
To support our troops in Pensacola,
Sons of the South, to arms.
To arms, etc.

Sons of the South! Sons of Freedom!
Draw your swords; raise high your shield;
Haste, for Confederate futuro safety,
Make the Black Republicans yield.
To arms, etc.

Pretty maids with arms extended,
For protection loudly call;
We from harm will try to shield 'em,
Or for them in glory fall.
To arms, etc.

Lovely woman is a treasure;
What is man without their aid?
To protect them is a pleasure;
I've a heart that's not afraid.
To arms, etc.

John Hopkins, Printer, New Lovco-st. 4th D,

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